

Barbarous and Bloody News

FROM THE

Parish of St. GILES'S:

BEING A TRUE

ACCOUNT

OF

Two Horrid Murders,

Committed on the Bodies of a

Widow Gentlewoman, and her Neice,
On Saturday the 13th. Instant.

By most Cruelly cutting their Throats, and afterwards Robbing them, in a Coffee-House in *Short's Gardens*, between the Hours of Five and Six in the Morning; whose Bodies are still to be seen, as a Dismal Spectacle of Humane Mifery.

15. Dec. 1690

PLATO, a Heathen, thought Virtue so aimable in it self, that could it appear clad in Humane shape, the excellency of its Features would attract the love and admiration of all its Spectators: and shall we, who are Christians, be less in love with the Beauty of Holiness? Shall we, who live under the Meridian Illustrations of Divine Wisdom, not see those Glorious Truths which the glimmering light of Nature He so much reveres? O shame on that *Egyptian* Darkness which Clouds our Reason! He liv'd a Divine Heachen, while we live and dye professed Christians, but in Practice more wretched and inexcusable than Pagans, witness the Avarice and Rapine of some, the Malice and Ambition of others; in a word, the frequent Murders, and the more close Adulteries; the bloody Revenge of the enraged Bravo, and the wanton Embraces of the lustful Paramour, the two last, viz. Murder and Adultery, are the crying Sins of this Age: Murder, 'tis true, got the start of Adultery, and was the first born of its wretched Parent *Cain*. Murder has been always look'd upon as a most detestable Sin in the sight of God and Man, and punished as a capital Offence; yet had the Precepts of God or the Laws of Man been able to restrain the Extravagance of our debauch'd Natures within the limits of our Duty, we shou'd have had not only no Occasion, but no Examples of such wicked Wretches, whose Lust, Ambition, or Revenge, has made them the unhappy Arguments of humane Mifery. Their vicious Courses have plung'd them into Crimes which could not be expiated here, but by the severest Punishments. The following Relation is very Tragical, and the

the parts of the Actors writ in Characters of Blood; the publishing of which is not so much designed to divert the Reader with the variety of surprizing Circumstances, as to affright him, by the sad Example from the Commission of that horrid Sin of Murther, of which sincerely to repent, is highly difficult, but to make satisfaction far Impossible. When once the *Golden Bowl* is broke (which the Wife man speaks of, *Ecclesiastes* the 10th.) by the Impious hand of some bold Assassin, he fills full the Cup of Gods Indignation against him, which will be a draught more bitter than all the glorying pleasures Life or Fortune can sweeten with their greatest advantages. Humane Laws have provided Shackles and Dungeons, Racks and Gibbets, not only to punish, but deter such Sanguinary Bravoes, who if they chance (which but rarely happens) to escape the latest hand of Justice, yet are they constantly haunted with the horror of the Crime, and anticipate the Torment of a future, by the present Hell of an Evil Conscience: But I proceed to the Relation, which is thus.

In *Shri's-Garden* by *Piccadilly*, near the *Hay-Market*, there lately lived one Mrs. *Sarah Wilkins*, an Antient Widow-woman, with one *Jane Gill* her Neice, keeping a *Coffee-house* of good Repute and Trade, and were supposed to be indifferent well to pass in the world. On *Saturday* the 15th. of this Instant *December*, *Jane Gill* the Neice, coming down Stairs, as her usual custom was, about Five in the Morning, to cleanse the Coffee Room, order the Cinders and prepare the Fire, &c. some Persons got or were let into the House, and immediately seized the Maid and cut her Throat; then going up two pair of Stairs, where Mrs. *Wilkins* lay, they served her in the like Barbarous manner, taking off four Rings that she generally wore on her Finger, which when they had done, they rifled the House of all that was valuable and portable, which was to a pretty considerable value, particularly (as a Relation of the Deceased does Relate) there was in a Dressing-Box a Medal of Missy Co'd, and several Guinies, and other things of worth. The Murderers at present, are so far from being discovered, that it's not known how many they were, or so much as whether they were Men or Women, that were the Authors of this Horrid Fact, onely some Persons that were up in the Adjacent Houses, heard a knocking at the Coffee-house Door about the hour of five that Morning.

These poor Unhappy People have lived in the Parish for several years in very good Credit and Repute, demeaning themselves, very Civilly and Honestly to all Persons, upon which account the Neighbours in general, are very sorry for so Cruel and Barbarous a Murther.

F I N I S.

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